

The Saturday Evening Post.

VOL. II.—No. 7.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 15, 1823.

WHOLE No. 81.

Published by ATKINSON & ALEXANDER, No. 53 Market street, north side, four doors below Second street, at \$2 per annum, payable half yearly in advance, or \$5 at the end of the year.



FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There's always moments while we're trudging here.

How'er oppressed by sorrow or by care,
When we may turn from prospects too severe,
And build our fairy castles in the air,
For we may fancy that one hour is blest,
E'en if, in truth, we suffer thro' the rest.

This life we're living, take it good and ill,
Is not so happy that it can't be made,
By some exertion, more attractive still,
And somewhat varying as to light and shade.

Our fair visions oftentimes may shed
A flood of glory when our hopes are dead.

As for ourselves, who ne'er were known to claim,
One mean iota of the world's applause,
Whose highest wishes were a funny name,
To mark our wit—tho' in a stupid cause,
We only ask, that we may rule the roast,
As he to folly, in the Evening Post.

Not that we wish to banish honest mirth,
From haunts so trodden by the smiling fair,
But we would conjure from the waste of earth,
Some scenes amusing, mayhap something rare.
To cause a moment Beauty's dimpling smile,
And age's glow of anger to beguile.

So we roam those flow'ry fields among,
Where taste and fancy boid eternal sway,
Who long have scribbled, tho' you never sung,
Whose Harps ne'er slumber (would to heav'n
they may).

Now that with Critic's eye we'll read your rhyme,
And rail and quibble, howe'er sublime.

For you our Harp, that long has calmly slept,
In dark oblivion's ever friendly sleep,
Now stung by satire shall be proudly swept,
And every note your memories will keep.
With rhyme and reason we'll the lash apply,
True worth may live—stupidity shall die.

But should some follower of the sacred nine,
With fairer hands, a single offering bring,
And with a grace both native and divine,
As the numbers of a dormant string;
How would the minstrel to the fair one kneel,
One smile approving from her eye to steal.

For know that we, tho' curious bards indeed,
On least on Beauty, as our jingle shows,
And tho' we love it dearly, we are freed
From such excesses as our modern beaux
Delight in—True, we love to bow
To pretty damsels—and we do it now.

At 1823. QUIZ & CO.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NIGHT.

The sun receding glides the west
With spangled brilliant light,
The day declines, the earth is dress'd
In universal Night.

Since and solemn gloom pervades
Creation's wide domain;
And man by nature's instinct led,
Indulges repose to gain.

When tidings in the summer's beam,
Or winter's pinching cold,
The thought of Night's approach would seem
The labourer to uphold.

The soldier, too, on some rude plain,
Engag'd in dismal fight,
Beholds 'mid scathed'd heaps of slain,
The combat cease with Night.

The traveller, wandering here and there,
By great fatigue oppress'd,
Delights to see the Night appear,
His weary limbs to rest.

And thus the soul with sighing breath,
That little comfort knows,
Looks forward to the Night of death,
As respite from its woes.

J. A.

A TALE.

A beautiful, flower, as chaste and fair
As Eden's rose,
Whose breath gave incense to the air
When health and life it drew,
Was on the world's wide cheerless waste,
Like Hope in misery's breast;

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For, oh! his crime was mighty. It had cried
To heaven for justice—Justice came—he died.
Then one beside me laughed. I turned to chide,
But 'twas not new to him, nor woke reflection;
His feelings seemed all hardened, petrified,
Deaf to the calls of nature. A sensation
Of pity for his feelings thrilled my breast;
I felt that kind, soft, sensibility,
That knows to pity all that are distressed,
And, founded on Religion, had to me,
Oft given to my sorrows quick relief;
Possessing to my heart, the balm "Joy of Grief."
P. P. P.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It is somewhat singular and astonishing

that the christian world should be divided
into so many various sects, all professing
the same general object, and pursuing dif-

ferent means to accomplish the same end.
These sects are often divided into parties
that become inflamed by hatred and re-

venge, and mutually brand each other with
terms of heresy and reprobation. Now
these things do not arise from the nature

or obligations of the christian religion it-
self, for it is all amiableness and love, and
teaches the forgiveness of all offences, and

to love our neighbour as ourselves—to pray
for our very enemies. Were the doctrines
of the gospel regarded as they ought to be,

and the precepts of Jesus Christ obeyed by
all who profess to believe in his name, uni-
versal benevolence would be the certain

consequence—peace and union, harmony
and love would reign among all the mem-
bers of the christian church. The various

disputes which from time to time have agi-
tated the minds of men in religious mat-
ters, have generally been about matters of

very small importance—words, technical
terms, metaphysical and speculative no-
tions, have caused great divisions in the

christian world, and have been the sad
causes of persecution. These various con-
troversies have often inflamed the human

mind with an unrighteous zeal and the
worst of human passions—cruelty and re-
venge have frequently prompted mankind

to the fell work of mutual destruction.—
The axe, the wheel and the gibbet—fire and
faggots have been the terrible paraphra-

ses of the cross, and the dreadful engines
of bigotry and fanaticism. And it is a
single sect professing the christian name,

but what, at one time or another, has un-
sheathed the sword of persecution. In
this day of gospel light and liberty, under

the benign influence of universal toleration,
the same anti-christian spirit is manifest,
which kindled the flames of Smithfield

and produced the awful tragic scenes of car-
nage and blood on the day of Bartholo-
mew. The strifes and animosities which

have produced schisms and divisions among
many of the different sects in this city are
branches of the same evil and corrupt tree

—some recent proceedings among even the
pacific followers of Penn, have demon-
strated themselves to be twigs of the branches

of this same tree, which is known by its
fruits. The truly pious of every denomi-
nation see these things and mourn over

them; they pray that the christian "church
may come up out of the wilderness," that
it may become a unity in faith and prac-

tice, and that enmities and hatred and
schisms, which have so miserably divided
it into parties, may be destroyed, and that

the golden age of the primitive church may
be restored, when all those who profess to
be of the household of faith, may be of one

heart and of one mind. BEREAN.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

METHODISTS.

Of the origin of this sect of christians
we are informed that John Westly, Charles
Westly and one Morgan, fellows of Lincoln

College, with some others, began in 1729 to
read and compare the different versions of
the New Testament—and forming them-

selves into a society, were soon joined by
others. They departed from some of the
formularies of the established church, and

obtained their name by the exact regular-
ity of their lives, occasioning an observation
among their former associates that a "new

set of methodists had arisen," alluding to
an ancient society of Physicians that were
called by that name. Libertine principles

had taken very deep root, and the minds
of the people, at this era, very generally
were tinctured with Atheism and infidel-

ity, and the labors of the methodists were,
no doubt, instrumental in stemming the
sweeping torrent. They met with great

opposition, and were persecuted by the
fanatics and bigots of that day with un-
relenting severity. They preached to the

people in the market places and in the open
fields, and often immense assemblages were
drawn together to hear their doctrines.—

So early as 1735, John Westly and two
others, came to America to disseminate
their religious principles in these then

Provinces of the British Empire. They
landed at Savannah, were they where well
received at first, but soon lost the affections

of the people, as says the historian, by their
violent thundering, pulpit declamations,
and their insisting upon the baptism of

children by immersion. In 1738, George
Whitefield, a more popular preacher, came
over and made many converts. And as he

travelled through the country northward
to Philadelphia, great success attended his
labors. His path, however, was not strewn

with roses—the work, in many places, was
violently opposed,—mobs were raised and
disturbances created, and in one instance

a reward of fifty dollars was offered to
conskin the fanatical declaimer, as he was
termed. The cause, notwithstanding, re-

ceived a great accession of advocates—
many men of fervent piety joined the stand-
ard, and became instrumental in instruct-

ing the ignorant and reforming the dissi-
pated and the profane. There is some-
thing beautiful, if not romantic, in the idea

which may be conceived of that era, when
these heralds of Salvation called the multi-
tudes together by the sound of a trumpet,

as it were; not, indeed, in temples whose
pointed spires pierced the skies, but in the
open field, or thick shaded forest, under

heaven's broad canopy, to worship God in
simplicity of heart. The echo responding
to the voice of the preacher, or the rising

anthem of his numerous congregation.—
Such scenes, perhaps, occurred in the anti-
deluvian days, when the hills and valleys

re-echoed the patriarchal devotions, and a
Seth or an Enoch, in the shadow of a pro-
jecting rock, or beneath the foliage of some

venerable oak, delivered his primeval lec-
tures, and was a preacher of righteousness
to the people. Such was the infancy of

this sect of christians, its numbers now con-
sists of many hundred thousands. Their
pious labors have done more for the refor-

mation and happiness of mankind, than all
the efforts of the boasted benefactors of
mankind, the infidels and philosophers put

together.

ON CREATION.—A FRAGMENT.

Perhaps nothing may appear more surprising
than that man should have been so weak as to im-
agine that the present order of things was the

mere operation of chance, and that matter is self-
existent, and therefore eternal. In the dark ages
of Pagan ignorance, indeed, this may be excusa-

ble; but guided by the superior light of revelation,
we learn by faith that the worlds were created
by God. With what this great Being is in his di-

vine essence and nature, we are but little ac-
quainted; but this we know, that this world is a
grand demonstration of his power; and the largest

grasp of human and angelic knowledge is no
more to be compared with him than one man to
the mass of all men, or one atom to the universe.

If God is so great, what then are we? We are
not capable of comprehending the smallest of his
existence, but he can with almighty ease compre-

hend all his creatures; and such are the adorable
perfections of his nature, that he can for millions
of ages render happy the enlarged capacity of the

brightest angel, and yet remain inexhaustible,
and accommodate himself to the meanest worm that
crawls. Yes, in our God is infinite goodness—

and in Jehovah Jesus dwell all the treasures of
wisdom and of knowledge.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TO OBTAIN UPON THE COLUMNS OF A NEW-

paper, any hints connected with a subject
so delicate a nature as that of the behav-
iour and manners of the Female sex, may

be considered as presuming too much.—
But as many of your younger readers, are
ventured to offer a few desultory remarks

on this subject, which if worthy of inser-
tion may be, to some of them, perhaps, not
altogether uninteresting.

One of the chief beauties in the female
character is, that modest reserve, that re-
tiring delicacy, which avoids the public

eye, and is disconcerted even at the gaze
of admiration. Though, at the same time,
a total insensibility to applause, in a fe-
male, has an effect, not very conclusive

towards rendering her amiable in her man-
ners. When a girl ceases to blush she
has lost the most powerful charm of beau-

ty. That extreme sensibility which it in-
dicates, may be a weakness and incum-
brance in our sex, but in theirs it is pecu-

liarly engaging; so far from being neces-
sarily an attendant on guilt it is the usual
companion of innocence. Wit is the most

dangerous talent a female can possess. It
must be guarded with great discretion and
with good nature, or it will create her ma-
ny enemies. Wit is perfectly consistent

with softness and delicacy; though they are
seldom found united. Humour is a differ-
ent quality—it will make the company of

a girl much solicited, but she should be
careful how she indulges it—it may gain
her applause, but will seldom procure her

respect.

The reserve of a female may be frequen-
ly complained of—She may be told that
frank behaviour would make her more ami-

able—On some occasions it might render
her more agreeable as a companion, but
less amiable as a woman—an important

distinction which many of the sex are not
aware of. A fine woman, like other fine
things in nature, has her proper point of

view, from which she may be seen to most
advantage. To fix this point, requires some
considerable judgment and knowledge of

the human heart. By the present mode of
female manners, the ladies seem to expect
that they shall regain their ascendancy

over us, by the fullest display of their per-
sonal charms—by being always on our
eye—by conversing with us with unre-

served freedom, as much as we do one
with another; in short, by resembling us
as nearly as they possibly can. Experi-

ence, however, will show the folly of this
expectation and conduct.

There is an elegance, frequently in the
female character, which is not so much a
quality itself, as the high polish of every

other. It gives a charm to beauty, with-
out which it generally fails to please. It
is partly a personal quality, in which re-

spect it is the gift of nature—that is a
quality of the mind principally. In a word,
it is every virtue and excellency in their

most graceful and amiable forms.

Perfect simplicity of heart and manners
is very engaging in the Female sex—that
in which there exists a combination of

dignity without pride, affability without
meanness, and simple elegance without
affectation. It must have been an idea

somewhat of this kind, Milton had in view,
when he says of Eve,
"Grace was in all her steps—Heaven in her eye,
"In every gesture dignity and love."

GREGORY.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Messrs. Editors,

I am often amused, not to say vexed, at the
reasons assigned by some of your numerous sub-
scribers for being displeased with the matter, and

manner of your paper.

I have heard some observe, "that its columns
were too much occupied with Foreign Intelligence."
"What," exclaims one, "should we care about

foreign tyrants and slaves, with all their appendages
of glittering royalty, and human misery—away—
let the "dandy of sixty" complain of the gout,

hobble to the "land o' cakes," or drink Irish whis-
key, till his noble heart o'erflow with the milk of
human kindness, toward his most loving, dutiful,

abused and oppressed subjects; and your Holy
Alliance of holy villans and cut-throats, away with
them all! I like them not, give me nothing but

news of my own happy, free country, and more of
your excellent original, and good selected matter,
and depend upon it, you will have twice the patron-

age." "Ah!" exclaims another, "how miserably this
paper is conducted. Original essays—selections—
all "how stale, flat and unprofitable," abominable

stuff, upon my word truly abominable; but for
my part I never pretend to notice them; I always
hurry right over to the foreign news; there is some

thing worth reading—now a person can sit down
and have a little rational and comfortable feast—
War again in Europe—France, and Spain—Greece,

and Turkey—highly interesting parts of the world!
now I love to read every thing concerning them.
Ah, how my heart bleeds for the poor suffering

Greeks; how wretched in their glorious struggle
for liberty and independence—to have their wives
—their dear little babes, torn from them by the

merciless tigers, and sold to cruel slavery—Oh!
'tis too distressing to think of—now, would the
editors take my advice, I say, and study their own

real, solid interest, they would banish all light,
trifling reading, and devote the pages of the Sat-
urday Evening Post to nothing but foreign news, or

at least two-thirds of it; we want to know more
about Europe, and especially Greece—their his-
tory, situation, climate, resources, &c."

"Why do they not publish the papers relating
the treatment which that good old minister, Elias Hicks,
suffered while in Philadelphia, (says one)—it would

be interesting; and if we are not priest-ridden, tell-
ing the truth can do no harm, even though it should
displease the Pontiff himself and all his—"

"Tell it not in Gath," publish it not in the streets of
Askelon! (exclaims another,) lest the daughters
of the Philistines rejoice, lest the uncircumcised

triumph." The publication of these things would
be of no service; they might conduce to keep up a
spirit of party, that would otherwise die away;

therefore, I hope they may not be printed."

"Well," says a third, "I have decided, I'll not
take the Post any longer; it is much too melancoly
for me—the poets are all cut up with the hypo-

chondriac, and the editors going broken-hearted;
now none of your love-ick sentimental songs for
me—no stories about faithless swains, forsaken

damsels, distressing fires, and unnatural murders;
every one who knows Uncle Toby, knows that he
is a jolly good-natured soul. I dearly love a bit

of a funny song and a merry tale,
"Wrinkled mirth that e'er derides"
And laughter holding both his sides."

"I wish the editors had a greater partiality for
the muses, and would not neglect the Post's Cor-
ner so much," says one, "I do admire poetry of
all things; but they have never half enough—
now why not devote at least one page to this charm-

ing delightful subject?" "Well," cries another,
"I should like the Post very well if it had no po-
etry; I have no taste for such stuff—it really is a pity

they waste so much time and paper for it—I shall
not take the paper any longer after my time is up.
I want something that's worth something, for my

money; in place of a love song give me an adver-
tisement; instead of sighs and tears and cupids
and darts, I like to see a good list of flour and

sugar, butter, bacon and cheese."

These are a few of the many whimsical ob-
jections, and diversity of tastes that I have heard ex-
pressed on this subject. The only remedy I can

propose for this crying evil is to recommend an
immediate establishment of distinct newspapers
for the special accommodation of each individual

taste. For my part, I confess I am highly pleased
to observe the success which the Post has met
with among the judicious, the applause of one of
which must in your estimation outweigh a whole

catalogue of others.

HAMLET.

[In attempting to please every body, we may
possibly experience the fate of the old ass, with
his donkey, as related in the fable; but we promise
our friends, the Dunces, that we shall endeavour to
please ourselves; if we should succeed in doing
which, he will, perhaps, allow that we are not far
out of the right way.—Ene.]

COLLEOTANIA.

HIGHLAND FIDELITY.

The generous self-devotion of Roderick
Mackenzie has been often recited. This
young man, who had sought concealment
among the mountains of Ross-shire, after the
battle of Culloden, was surprised by a party

of soldiers sent in pursuit of Charles
Edward. His age, his figure, his air, de-
ceived the military so completely, that they
were going to secure him, in the belief
that they had got hold of the prince.

Mackenzie perceived their mistake, and
with great fortitude and presence of mind,
instantly resolved to render it useful to
his master. He drew his sword; and the
courage with which he defended himself,

satisfied these soldiers that he could be no
other than the pretender. One of them
fired at him; Mackenzie fell, and with his
last breath exclaimed, "You have killed
your prince!" This generous sacrifice

suspended for the time all pursuit, and af-
forded an opportunity for the unfortunate
Charles to escape from the hands of his
enemies. It is well known, that Kenne-
dy, who frequently exposed his life to save

that of the prince just named, and who,
though mean and poor, despised the re-
ward of \$30,000 which was offered for the
person, dead or alive, of the royal fugitive,
was afterwards hanged at Inverness for

stealing a cow. A little before his execu-
tion, he pulled off his bonnet, and rendered
hearty thanks to God that "he had never
proved false to an engagement of any
kind, that he had never injured a poor
man, and never refused to share whatever
he had with the indigent and the stranger."

PARSIMONY.

The following instance of avarice is re-
corded of the late Dr. Barret, Vice-Provost
of Trinity College, Dublin, who died worth
upwards of eighty thousand pounds!

He had long been in the habit of indulg-
ing himself with tea, but so sparing of cream
that he never allowed his housekeeper to
bring more

ice with customary solemnity, has directed him to this watchful expedient.

